

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;
With witching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window-sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While 'mid the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds her nest;
And all day long, the summer breeze
Is whispering low to the bending trees.

THE DEAF-MUTE WITNESS.

ONE cold, raw morning in February, Byrd Du Peyster, a detective, received the intelligence of a fearful deed of crime which had been committed during the silent hours of the night just departed. The account of the deed was read by a boarder while the detective quietly sipped his coffee, and the man remarked as he put the paper on the chair beside him:

"There's another entry for the book of mysteries. I am willing to bet one hundred dollars that the proverbial acumen of our best detectives will fail to discover the perpetrator of the crime on Cherry street. Gentleman," and the speaker fixed his eyes on Du Peyster, "gentlemen, just think of it! A villain enters the abode of a poor sewing woman, whose only child is a deaf-mute, five years old. He comes to do a bloody deed, and his struggles with the widow evidently frightens the child, who runs away, and is found in the attic among a lot of rags. The murder committed, the man takes his departure. The widow's meagre savings are untouched, her bureau and stands unrifled. Nothing has been taken save life. That man, whoever he is, laughs at the detectives, and dares them to hunt him down and tell why he took the life of a poor sewing woman. I declare, gentlemen, that murder in this case will not be out."

The man's words, directed at Du Peyster, did not elicit a sentence in reply. The detective continued to sip his coffee with an air that seemed to say to the man, "You can't make me deliver an opinion."

The other boarders, more communicative than the man hunter, discussed the case until a general conclusion was reached, to wit: That the murderer of the needle woman would forever remain undiscovered. The first speaker felt proud of the conclusion reached and passed the cigars around before the company left the table.

"I should suggest that we watch the developments in this case," he said to the company at large. "It will suffice to amuse our curiosity, as well as to stimulate research into the mysterious."

Byrd Du Peyster walked from the dining room to his little chamber on the second floor; he picked up his hat and cane, and immediately left the house.

He walked straight to the unpretentious frame building on Cherry street, wherein the murder of the night before has been committed. He found a swarm of the denizens of that quarter in front of the house, but two policemen stationed at the door kept them from rushing up stairs to the scene of the tragedy.

The detective, after pushing his way through the crowd, easily obtained admittance, and entered the death chamber, where he found a surgeon, two police captains and a newspaper reporter. The surgeon was examining the victim's wound, which consisted of a knife thrust in the left breast. The keen steel had penetrated the left ventricle of the heart, rendering death instantaneous. But there were evidences of a struggle in the room. A chair which had seemingly been thrown backward was broken and the pieces of women's work lay around the room.

Mrs. Nolan, the victim, was a woman about five and thirty years of age. Her husband had been dead near six years, and her deaf-mute son, Henry, was a posthumous child. She was a woman against whose fair name nothing had ever been alleged, and she plied the needle industriously night and day that her little family should not want for the blessings that she, despite her poverty, enjoyed. Her unfortunate son was the love of life, and all her motherly affections was centered upon him. A deaf-mute from birth, Mrs. Nolan could not expect to hear him speak his name, and the neighbors said that she longed for the time when he might go to the proper school and learn to write, that they might converse together.

Byrd Du Peyster, the detective, examined the apartment without obtaining any clue to the murderer, and the residents of the denizens of the neighborhood did not enlighten him to satisfactory degree. A man was seen to enter Mrs. Nolan's house about eleven o'clock on the night of the crime. The witness to this was a man named John Starry, who did not bear a very good reputation for veracity, and his word did not go far with the detective. No one knew of any enemies that the widow possessed, while the circumstances of the crime clearly proved that the booty was not the murderer's object.

For perhaps the first time in his detective life, the little Huguenot was completely at fault. He returned to his room, and, with a cigar between his teeth, threw himself upon a couch. There he conjectured and built theories, which he destroyed, till he lit a second cigar, and watched the smoke float ceilingward and vanish like his ideas.

For an hour he did not rise, and he looked like a dozing man, for his eyes half shut, but he was far from asleep.

All at once he sprang from the couch.

"It is my only hope!" he cried. "It may take years, but I can do nothing else. Something tells me that the dumb boy knows his mother's slayer, and he must be educated until he can write. I will do this, or rather have it done. The great aim of my life now is the discovery of the murderer of Martha Nolan. The dumb shall speak, and it shall not be my fault if the dumb boy's words do not hang him."

Du Peyster left his room somewhat excited, and learned that Mrs. Nolan's son was already the ward of the city.

"I want the boy," the detective said to the commissioner of public charity. "I am interested in his case, and I will furnish him with a teacher who has twenty year's experience teaching the deaf and dumb. Sir, that boy has a mission to perform, and in my hands only can he perform it."

The commissioner listened with patience to the detective, and the result of the interview was that Henry Nolan was placed under the care of a new guardian.

Having accomplished his object, Du Peyster placed the little deaf-mute in the care of a lady who had lately retired from the position as a teacher in the school for the deaf and dumb. This lady was the detective's friend, and she promised to bestow great care upon the boy committed to her charge.

The boy was a bright little fellow for one so unfortunately situated, and took quite readily to his change of life. The detective visited him quite often, and bought him many toys that helped to expand his mind.

After all Henry Nolan might not be able to throw any light upon his mother's murderer; as he might have been frightened from the room by the murderer's first appearance. Du Peyster thought of this, but did not despair, and told his tutor to prosecute her task with vigor.

By and by it was discovered that the boy possessed a remarkable memory—that he seemed to forget nothing—and the detective, when told this, exclaimed:

"That boy is going to hang the man who killed his mother."

At the end of the year Henry Nolan had made some progress in the, silent language, to him; he had mastered the alphabet and was in the easy words.

With what impatience Du Peyster watched his progress, the reader may imagine, as the detective's whole life seemed centered upon the object already mentioned. Meanwhile he had not abated his search for the murderer: but his hunt had gone unrewarded, and without the boy's advancement he seemed as far from success as he was when at the discovery of the crime.

It was late in the fall, the deaf-mute's teacher told the detective that he was beginning to write. Du Peyster's heart leaped in his bosom, and he could not control his excitement. Naturally he was a calm man; but at certain times since the murder on Cherry street, he had acted like another person, and his superiors had noticed a change in him. From the chief and every member of the force he had scrupulously kept all the information concerning the whereabouts of Henry Nolan. If his great undertaking should fail, his associates should not laugh at him; should he succeed, he would laugh at them, for they had long since given over the hunt for the murderer.

That he might talk with his charge, the keen, little Huguenot had learned the deaf-mute's alphabet, and thus materially helped the teacher in Henry's education. By and by the boy brought him specimens of his first attempts at writing, and Du Peyster brought a magnificent little engine with cars attached, to the house.

One night he entered the house and discovered that Miss Hurley was out, leaving the boy alone. The present just spoken of had stimulated the deaf-mute's ambition, and he showed the detective some fair copies. Then, with his heart in his throat, Du Peyster began to question on that one terrible night in his history. At the second question, in which was spelled his mother's name, the boy started and the detective saw that he was recalling events connected with her. He seemed to be awakening from a dream, but was unable to put his thoughts together, and Du Peyster said:

"I must wait awhile. The boy knows something. It will pay me to wait!"

And so another year rolled away, and Henry Nolan was eight years old.

But when the detective again thought of questioning the boy, a malarious disease interfered and he saw the deaf-mute hovering between life and death.

For weeks the boy suffered, and the detective saw that in the end death would gain the victory. The attending physician told him that medical skill could not save his *protege*; and he felt his hopes one by one die away.

It was a dark night in December, and the street of New York were covered with snow. The air was crisp and cold, and the wind rattled the shutters from the Battery to the northernmost limits of the city.

In a small room sat Byrd Du Peyster and Nettie Hurley. On a bed at their side lay the pale, emaciated form of Henry Nolan. A strange light sparkled in his eyes, and he looked like a person very near the gates of death. And they were not far away; for he knew that he would never see the dawn of another day.

At last his eyes became fastened on the detective, who, seeing the strange stare, rose to his feet and looked down upon the sufferer.

This action seemed to satisfy the deaf-mute, and the next moment he was spelling with his fingers:

"I'll tell you now," his fingers said, and in a hasty voice the detective summoned Nettie to his side.

"It is coming, Nettie, coming at last!" he exclaimed, and then the pair watched the deaf-mute's skeleton fingers as they slowly said:

"A man done it. I saw him before I ran away. He had a red mark over his eye, like a scar. He turned the light down before he struck mother, and then knocked her from the chair. This is all I know."

With these last words falling from his fingers, the deaf-mute fell back exhausted, and Du Peyster looked at the teacher.

"Poor boy! he's told enough!" he said. "What he has said is sufficient to hang a certain man in this city."

"What do you mean, Byrd?" cried Nettie Hurley, grasping the detective's arm. "Do you know anything about the man with the scar?"

"Do I know anything about him, Nettie? Indeed I do!"

"What, Byrd? Tell me!"

"Not now, girl. Let us attend to little Silence. See how weak he is. Why, I do not think he is living!"

Henry Nolan did look like a dead child: but he suddenly roused himself, and his fingers began to spell again.

"Good bye! I am going to hear and talk now!" they said.

Then the head fell back again, and Du Peyster, who lowered his head heard the last throb of the deaf-mute's heart.

It was nine o'clock in the morning of the next day when Byrd Du Peyster, entered one of the large pharmacies of the city.

Approaching a clerk he remarked that he wished to see Turoyal Smiley on private business, and was shown to an elegantly furnished counting room.

The apartment was occupied by one man, who was Turoyal Smiley, the head of the well-known firm of Smiley, Bridgeman & Co. "To whom am I indebted for this visit?" asked the lord of the counting room, turning from the *Herald* to survey his visitor from head to foot. "To Byrd Du Peyster, a detective," replied the caller, quietly dropping unasked into a chair. "Well, Mr. Du Peyster, what can I do for you?" asked the pharmacist, turning slightly pale. "Have my clerks sold poison again?"

"They have not, to my knowledge," was the detective's reply. "Mr. Smiley, I want to know why you entered Martha Nolan's house three years ago, and basely took her life."

The next moment the paper fell from the druggist's hands, and he was on his feet looking more like a ghost than a man.

"Martha Nolan, did you say?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir. You killed her!"

"Who told you?"

"The only witness to the deed—her dumb boy. I want to know why you did it?"

For the space of a minute there was silence in the counting room. At the end of that time the druggist dropped into his chair and said:

"She knew me in Ohio—knew my crime committed there. I was afraid of her—knew that she would take my money, and so I did the deed that night. I'll write you my confession."

The druggist wheeled his chair and opened his writing desk. "I knew it would come to this," he murmured. "I had almost forgotten her boy!"

Byrd Du Peyster saw him open the desk, but did not watch him closely.

All at once something touched his arm. He started, and saw the druggist's hand clutching a vial, while his face had assumed a color almost indescribable. The detective sprang to his feet and sounded an alarm.

A moment later several white-faced clerks entered the counting room; and hastened to the head of the firm, from whose nerveless hand the half empty vial of prussic acid had fallen.

The tragedy was finished, for Turoyal Smiley was dead.

On his desk lay his brief but terrible confession, which startled all who read it in the evening papers.

Byrd Du Peyster at once became recognized as a great detective; but his career was brief. He is dead now, and strange to say, not one who was personally interested in the fate of Martha Nolan is living to-day.

The detective, prior to the deaf-mute's death-bed communication, had not suspected the suicide; but had recently encountered him, and noticed the scar over his eye.

Du Peyster, waiting, and Nettie Hurley's toiling, had avenged the mother's death!—*Exchange*.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

What a pretty conceit this is of the creation of woman:

A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief: He surprised Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him."

The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech, and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out, "My liege, my liege! justice! revenge!"

"What has happened?" asked the prince.

"A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet and left a golden one its stead."

"What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of frequent occurrence."

"Behold then, sire, the kind of thief that our Creator was; He stole a rib from Adam, and gave to him a beautiful wife instead."

"Well said!", avowed the prince.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX went to a well to quench his thirst; all at once he fell in, and he did not know how to get out. By-and-by a goat came to the same well to drink. He saw the fox and said to him, "It is nice to be down there, to drink?"

"Nice!" said the fox—"I should think it is. Just come down and try it—you need not take my word for it." Down went the goat, and then the sly fox got on the horns of the goat, and so got out of the well, whilst the poor goat was left to get out of it in the best way he could, or die in it.

Fools are too apt to trust to the fair words of rogues.

DAMAGE BY A SWORD-FISH.

THE P. M. Tinker, Capt. Bernard, previously mentioned as having arrived here from Richmond, leaking, for repairs, has been hauled up on the ways at Graves' ship yard. On examination yesterday it was discovered that the leak was caused by a sword fish, the sword being found broken off forward the bends, about fifteen feet abaft the fore foot. The fish, in striking the vessel must have come with great force, as the sword penetrated the copper sheeting, a four inch birch plank and through the timbers about six inches, in all about ten inches. It occurred on the morning of the 23d of December, when the brig was eighteen days out from Rio, and in the neighborhood of Cape St. Roque. She was pumped about 4 o'clock that morning, and found free of water. About 6 o'clock the same morning she was again pumped, when no suck was obtained, and on examination it was found that she had made ten inches of water. The men were kept steady at the pumps until her arrival at Richmond, and while there, and on her trip here. The sword will be treasured as a curiosity.—*Norfolk Virginian*, February 18, 1876.

THE PRICE OF A GOOD BOY.

IN his late book Sir Samuel Baker relates a conversation with a sheik at Gondokoro. This man's tribe had suffered greatly from the slave hunters, and he was hard in his complaints against the trade. Sir Samuel got on famously with him. The man was deeply moved at his description of the sufferings of children and parents torn from each other, and it appeared that a hearty supporter had been gained for the expedition. The sheik presently asked Sir Samuel if he had a son, and on being informed that the writer's sons were unfortunately dead, replied, "I have a son—an only son. He is a nice boy—a very good boy, about so high," showing the height upon the spear. "I should like you to see my boy; he is very thin now, but if he remained with you he would soon get fat. He's a really nice boy, and always hungry. You'll be so fond of him; he'll eat from morning till night and still he'll be hungry. You'll like him amazingly; he'll give you no trouble if you only give him plenty to eat. He'll lie down and go to sleep, and wake up hungry again. He's a good boy, indeed; and he's my only son. I'll sell him to you for a molote!" (a native iron spade.)

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THE UNEDUCATED DEAF-MUTE.

[From the last (1875) Report of the Indiana Institution.]

THE dreadful effects of deafness unrelieved by education, upon the human mind, may be illustrated by an example. In Pennsylvania some years ago, a system of solitary confinement and of enforced silence was devised and adopted as a punishment for crime, by which prisoners were shut up without any books, labor or mental occupation whatever. On trial, this punishment was found wholly unendurable. We are told that in those cases of a passionate temper, it often led to insanity, and in those of a dull and sluggish disposition, to imbecility and sometimes to idiocy. Deafness has a similar effect on those left to grow up without education; doomed to silence by their misfortune, and imprisoned by an absolute ignorance of all outside of their narrow vision, the more active minds among them chafe and rage as they grow up, at the adamant chains with which they are bound, while those of a sluggish temperament from mental inaction, sink into sheer unthinking imbecility. Thus, it happens, that some of the uneducated deaf and dumb are given to bursts of ungovernable temper, while others are found hard to arouse to any thought or even interest in things around them.

A NEW INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB IN NEW YORK.

A CORRESPONDENT, in the last number of THE SILENT WORLD, spoke of an Institution for the deaf and dumb to be established at Rochester, New York. We have since learned, not only that our correspondent was correctly informed, but that at the time his letter was written, the Institution had already been organized. At a meeting of citizens held in Rochester, February 3, 1876, fifteen gentlemen were chosen to act as Trustees of the WESTERN NEW YORK DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION. The meeting was largely attended, and great interest was shown. Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who was chosen one of the Trustees, and Mr. Z. F. Westervelt, of the New York Institution. A large number of deaf-mutes were among the audience. At a meeting of the Trustees held the next day, articles of incorporation were drawn up and signed, and the constitution of the Central New York Institution, with a few necessary alterations, were adopted. Mr. Z. F. Westervelt was appointed Principal of the Institution, with the understanding that his active duties were not to commence until the Institution opened in the fall. There is no question about the need of the new Institution and its establishment will be a fortunate

thing for deaf-mutes of New York, as, in addition to affording facilities, hitherto unenjoyed to the deaf-mutes in the neighborhood, it will help to relieve the overcrowded condition of the old New York Institution. The new Institution is in the hands of gentlemen who are in every way competent for its management; and we have no doubts whatever of its success and usefulness.

PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MISS ANGIE A. FULLER, is still under the care of Dr. W.T. Montgomery, frequently mentioned as one of the most skillful oculists of the West.

MRS. DANIEL BRICE, who has been visiting friends in Chicago for some two months past returned to her home in Crystal Leake, Illinois recently. Her firm faith in God, and her quiet modest lady-like ways have endeared her to those who were so happy as to have made her acquaintance.

THE accomplished wife of MR. A. W. MANN, the lay reader, who is watching so earnestly for the spiritual improvement of the Deaf-mutes in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio having passed an extremely pleasant winter in West Virginia, will for some time to come be a guest in her father's family farther north.

MR. EMERY'S Chart, "Order of Creation," from time to time in the leading Deaf-mute journals is quite complicated, and requires careful study to be appreciated. It represents Religion and Science as two rivers bending their source in God and flowing on through all time with even or undulating motion as quiet or excitement prevail. The manual of explanations, which accompany each Chart, contains some thoughts which will interest the mind long after the book is laid aside. Mrs. Emery attends to the publication and has recently received orders from Scotland, Nova Scotia, Texas, and California.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM CHICAGO.

THE lady members of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society gave a party on the evening of the 22d of February, 1876, with the double view of celebrating Washington's birthday, and replenishing the treasury of the Society. Mr. and Mrs. Emery superintended the management of the affair throughout, to the entire satisfaction of all reasonable participants.

The exercises consisted of pantomimic plays, speeches and toasts, the two latter parts being sandwiched with a collation. The names of only two of the plays occur to us at present. Those were "Courtship and Marriage," and "Vacancy."

Mr. Emery and Mr. E. Holmes took a prominent part in the speech-making, both saying some happy things. During the evening the old story of the "Cherry Tree" was several times mentioned at one of those mentions; Mr. Emery related Mark Twain's experience as given by himself. Mark aspired to be a second George Washington, and having procured a hatchet, in order to make his success doubly sure, cut down two fine cherry trees, but when his father discovered the mischief, instead of saying as Washington's father did: "Come to my arms, my darling boy, I had rather you would spoil a thousand cherry trees than tell a lie." He gave him a

terrible whipping, since which time Mark has "questioned the policy of always telling the truth." Another story entitled "Replace that Stone," was told by some one, and as it teaches a good lesson all young person needs to learn is worthy of frequent repetition. Washington was out walking with another gentleman one day. Passing near a stone wall, a loose stone was accidentally knocked off and rolled away some distance. The gentleman paid no attention to it whatever, but Washington stopped, picked it up and restored it to its place, saying as he did so, "I always make it a rule to leave things as I find them." Of course in all good or orderly directions this is an excellent rule which, if reduced to individual practice, will add materially to the neatness, order, compact and consequently the happiness of the world.

The toasting was opened by Mr. Holmes who proposed, "The 22d of February." Mr. D. Sullivan responding, "May it always be reckoned a grand day in our history." The President of the Society, Mr. G. A. Christenson, then proposed, "George Washington." Mr. N. D. Barnum, the oldest person present, replying, "The truthful boy, the praying General, the faithful President." Mr. E. D. Kingdon then offered, "General George Washington." Miss Carrie Hathway responding, "May his name ever be an incentive to truthful words and noble deeds." Mr. J. K. Watson followed with, "America's First President." Mrs. Emery responding, "May his name ever occupy the most conspicuous place in American history." Mr. Emery then gave as a final, "The Father of our Country." The response being, "May the century upon which we are soon to enter bear him many honorable sons, and may the anniversary of his birth be proudly celebrated for all centuries to come."

To us the entire party was the gayest of the season, and, we believe, was an enjoyable one to all who would enjoy themselves; the replenishment which accrued to the treasury was as full as could reasonably be expected and will help the officers to some needed conveniences.

The recently elected President, Mr. G. A. Christenson, and the more recently elected Vice-President, Mr. J. H. Watson, seems to be the right men in the right places, and if jealousy and the like ugly-eyed spirits are kept out of the hearts of the members, we predict a fair degree of prosperity for a long time to come.

We were hardly rested from the fatigue of the 22d instant, when it was announced that Mr. Norval D. Barnum, the oldest member of the Society, and at the same time Chicago's Pioneer Citizens would celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday on the 24th instant, so "party" was again the word. Not that we have nothing to do but get up parties and then hang about them, but because we believe because the old saying, "Honor to whom it is due," embodies advice which should be reduced to practice in all worthy cases and upon proper occasions.

Thursday afternoon, 24th instant, Mrs. Emery began preparations in real earnest, and pushed them so rapidly that by eight o'clock that evening a goodly number of the members were gathered in the old gentleman's home to the entire surprise of himself and family. They found Mr. Emery, who, had with the plea of "business in the neighborhood," had gone ahead to keep Mr. Barnum at home, sitting with his hat on his head, as though he were in a great hurry to leave, or was wholly innocent of an intention to spend the evening. All vastly enjoyed his account of the unsuspecting manner in which friend Barnum had told him it was his birthday, and of the pretended surprise with which he received the statement.

As the deaf-mutes are so scattered over the city, and the time for arranging the party was so short, the presents given were a

nothing in number or value to what would have been secured had the date been earlier known.

We trust it will neither be considered improper nor irrelevant to the subject to say ere we close that Mrs. Celesta Brice, who has known Mr. Barnum for some twenty-five years, and who, having been a guest in his home for some days previous to the present event, was better posted than we, more juvenile friends, early in the day, gave him a very neatly made present which brings to mind the story of the fastidious young lady who, wanting one of the poet Hood's popular pieces, went into a music store and with much apparent confusion, asked the clerk if they had, "Hood's song of a— a— gentleman's undergarment." We hope this last mentioned will prove a fit; that our venerable friend with his family will live to see many more happy returns of his birthday, and that we will be able to remember it more substantially some future year.

Chicago, Illinois, Feb. 28, 1876.

VISITOR.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

TUESDAY night a surprise was given to Mr. Jay Borden and wife at their residence, corner of Lansing avenue and Blackstone street, by their fellow members of the Deaf-Mute Society. The ladies went first, taking cake, popcorn, fruit and other refreshments. The gentlemen conceived the idea of surprising all by going *en masque*. Mr. Borden was working in his shop that evening and was notified that company from Detroit was at his house and he hurried home. Here he found his lady friends, the gentlemen not having yet arrived. They soon came and entered the house by both front and back doors, surprising not only Mr. and Mrs. Borden, but also the assembled ladies, being unrecognized. They played their parts divertingly for a time and then unmasked, when conversation and games filled in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Borden returned their thanks to their friends and all said that the surprise had been highly enjoyable to all.—A Jackson (Michigan) Paper.

THE RAPACIOUS COOPER.

IN the story of Napoleon's life, we are told that shortly after the birth of the King of Rome, the emperor planned the erection of a palace for him on the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena.

The Government then set about securing the necessary ground, had and finally succeeded in purchasing all but one small bit of land upon which stood the hut and workshop of a poor cooper.

This piece of property the commissioners estimated to be worth at the very highest two hundred dollars, but the owner, mulish and grasping, having ascertained that the possession of his hut was absolutely essential to the proposed plan, demanded two thousand. The exorbitant demand was reported to the emperor.

"It is exorbitant, indeed," he replied. "But the poor man is to be turned out from his home. Give it to him."

The man finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell for less than six thousand pounds.

All expostulations were in vain. The architect was at a standstill. He was afraid to annoy the emperor again with the matter, and yet he could not proceed with his plans.

Napoleon was finally informed of the state of affairs. "This fellow trifles with us," he said; "but there is no help for it. We must pay the money."

The cooper, now grown utterly rapacious, increased his demand to ten thousand pounds.

The emperor when informed of it, said indignantly: "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his hovel. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws."

The plans were changed, and the work was in progress, when Napoleon was overthrown.

The poor cooper, when he found the golden opportunity gone from him for ever, bitterly lamented his folly, and his sad repining soon wore his life away.

ABOUT WONDERFUL DOGS.

DR. WALTER F. ATLEE sends a note to the Medical Times which furnishes new testimony to the reasoning faculties of dogs.

In a letter recently received from Lancaster, where my father resides, it is said: "A queer thing occurred just now. Father was in the office and heard a dog yelping outside the door; he paid no attention until a second time and a louder yelp was heard, when he opened it, and found a little brown dog standing on the step upon three legs. He brought him in, and, on examining the fourth leg found a pin sticking in it. He drew out the pin and the dog ran away again."

The office of my father, Dr. Atlee, is not directly on the street, but stands back, having in front of it some six feet a stone with a gate. I will add that it has not been possible to discover anything more about this dog.

Says Dr. Atlee: "This story reminds me of something similar that occurred to me while studying medicine in this office nearly thirty years ago. A man named Cosgrove, the keeper of a low tavern near the railroad station, had his arm broken, and came many times to the office to have the dressing arranged. He was always accompanied by a large, most ferocious looking bull-dog, that watched me most attentively, and most unpleasantly to me, while bandaging his master's arm. A few weeks after Cosgrove's case was discharged, I heard a noise at the office door as if some animal was pawing it, and, on opening it saw there this huge bull-dog, accompanied by another dog that held up one of its front legs evidently broken. They entered office; I cut several pieces of wood and fastened them firmly to the leg with an adhesive plaster after straightening the limb. They left immediately. The dog that came with Cosgrove's dog I never saw before nor since."

OHIO CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON's birthday, February 22, was celebrated at the Institution in the usual manner, i. e., a suspension of school exercises. The day was exceptionally fine for the season of the year, and afforded the pupils an opportunity to recuperate themselves about the city, visiting the Legislature, which continued in session till noon, and the "Battle above the Clouds," a large picture which is on exhibition in the city. It represents the battle of Lookout Mountain, which occurred during the late war and is said by those who have viewed it to be a very fine painting.

The members of Clionian, the Literary Society of the Institution, and which has just entered the eighth year of its existence, wound up the exercises of the day by giving a series of Magic Shadows, in the Chapel, in the evening, of which the following were the features:

1. Did George Washington tell a Fib? 2. Walter! Walter! more Pudding! 3. Stop Thief! 4. Blondin beaten. 5. Pleasant Dreams (!) 6. No Hope for ye Old Bach's! 7. What's the matter with the pump? 8. A Barber who knows too much about Shaving. 9. Tooth pulling under difficulties. 10. A wholesome good-night.

The writer is not certain whether George Washington told a lie, but if he acted like what was presented on the screen by a little chap with his hatchet, he is of the opinion that the Great George did let his tongue slip when interrogated by his father about cutting the cherry tree, at least that is the inference arrived at by those who witnessed the performance as presented on the stage. The affair wound up at nine o'clock, and everybody seemed well pleased with the entertainment. This, I believe, is the last holiday, but one, of the school year, he last being the annual picnic in the latter part of May.

Columbus, February 23, 1876.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE seniors are reading novels in French.

THE Literary Society gives a reception next week.

MRS. I. L. PEET and her little son were at Professor Fay's recently.

THE base-ball is breaking out. Mr. Man of glass and putty keep an eye on reckless throwers.

MORE magic lantern exhibitions recently. Will Jones sit down on those rubber bags next time.

JONES '76 celebrated the 22d of February by raising a furore among the Baltimoreans with his well known monkey stories.

THE treasurer of the Reading Club does not come around with an "axe to grind" so frequently as of yore—not so many fines.

THE seniors had to hand in their essays on the 1st of March. During the week previous to that time they complained of being busy.

THE recitation rooms were invaded one morning last week by a large delegation of the fair sex, to the utter demoralization of the students.

THE glaziers brought their ladders into our Chapel last Saturday to patch up the holes in the high windows, blown in by the tornado, which swept over Washington not long ago.

OWING to a scarcity of the needful Mr. J. S. F., '79, has been obliged to shake the college dust off his feet, and go west. He has our best wishes for his welfare in the ups and downs of life.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET went to Baltimore on the 23d ultimo, to represent the National Deaf-mute College at the installation of professor Gilman, as president of the Johns-Hopkins University.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

OXEN are selling at a dollar a head in Egypt.

Fifth Avenue, New York, is about six miles long.

Sewing Machine Singer left a property valued at \$13,000,000.

There are four thousand steam vessels in the United States.

Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.

When a bee, wasp or hornet sting, it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

The Government receives an average income of \$4,000 from the sale of waste paper from the dead-letter office.

A negro named Gabe Walker killed a man in De Sha county, Ark., to get fingers for charms against the devil.

During the last three months 1,440 horses, 67 donkeys and five mules were killed in Paris for public consumption.

Sixteen thousand two hundred and eighty-eight patents were issued in the United States last year, an increase of 2,689 over 1874.

The wife of Andrew Purcell, of Burlington, Vt., hitherto in very ordinary circumstances, has fallen heir to \$1,000,000 in Ireland.

All the scholars of a New Hampshire school are the children of one man. They number fourteen, and the eldest is but eighteen years of age.

A tramp lately asked a lady for money. She offered him food. "Gracious!" was his observation, "do you think I can eat all the time?"

A gentleman of Lynchburg, Virginia, owns a set of chessmen neatly moulded in lead from bullets picked up on the battle-field near Appomattox Court House.

The peach tree is indigenous to Persia, and is properly a variety of the almond family. To France belongs the honor of having been the first to successfully cultivate it.

The steam engines and labor saving machinery in this country are computed to be equivalent to the unaided labor of one thousand million persons all engaged in the task of production.

There was quite a sensation in a Lowell, Mass., Sunday school last Sunday, when the name of Charley Ross was called in a list of those who were to receive a Testament for some pious work.

It is mentioned that in the pastures of Western Missouri green grass is now growing, when only blue grass grew before the grass-hoppers. They are thought to have brought the seed with them.

The pen with which President Grant signed the Centennial bill was made from the quill of an American eagle, shot in the vicinity of Mount Hope, Oregon. The pen and the eagle will be exhibited at the Centennial.

In Troy, N. Y., steam street cars are being built, which are intended to supersede the present horse cars.

A man recently applied for aid to the relief committee of Virginia City, Nevada, who a few years ago was, the richest man in Nevada county, California, and worth about \$300,000.

At a Massachusetts golden wedding, recently, the marriage bell was three feet in diameter, and when the guests went away each of them was presented with two double eagles, or a pair of \$40 sleeve buttons. There were 150 of the guests.

In Germany, a species of vegetable is found which is popularly known as "vegetable beefsteak." It is very juicy and tender, and resembles beef in appearance. When sliced and eaten with salad, it is highly esteemed as a nutritious food.

A Frenchman who has lived in America for some years, says: "When they build a railroad, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is done with great ceremony. Then they break the stockholder. This is done without ceremony."

An Austrian is exhibiting in Paris a canine quartette. He has four dogs, and he has taught each dog to bark in two notes, and each dog's notes are different from those of the other dogs. He thus commands eight notes, and gives *Le donne mobile* and some other pieces.

At the rehearsal at the Hippodrome opening last week, the greatest care was taken that none but church members should be admitted. All came in by ticket, and these were closely scrutinized. Yet, in spite of all care, two of the ushers had their pockets picked, and no clue to the operators.

The engineer of a train of cars approaching Alfred, Maine, several days ago, saw a Newfoundland dog on the track, and tried to frighten him off by sounding his whistle. As the dog did not move, he stopped the train, and then found that just around the curve close by was an ox team fast to the track.

Velocipedes have been adopted by the Italian army, and are used for the conveyance of dispatches from the various corps to general headquarters. Twenty miles an hour is the speed generally attained, and so successful have the experiments been that velocipedes have been ordered for all corps of the army, for the use of their couriers.

A Paris journal states that a lady in Paris is introducing a new fashion with regard to furniture. She is having all her chairs, sofas, and even her carriages, stuffed with aromatic herbs, which fill the air with an agreeable but not so powerful perfume. The fashion is derived from the Eastern nations, and prevails extensively over a considerable part of Asia.

A refreshment saloon in London has been finished inside in such a manner as to be readily washed out with a hose. The floor is paved, the walls are made of majolica, and the ceiling is covered with enameled sheet-iron. When it is desired to clean the room, the furniture is removed, the hose is laid on, and the place is drenched and flooded till clean.

So great is the excitement over the recent discoveries at Pike's Peak and so rich all the country thereabouts, that a citizen of Colorado Springs, as a joke, reduced a stone jug in a mortar, carried the powder to an assayer, and was much surprised to find the jug yielded at the rate of \$17.82 to ton. That assayer is evidently determined not to let the new district suffer for want of favorable report.

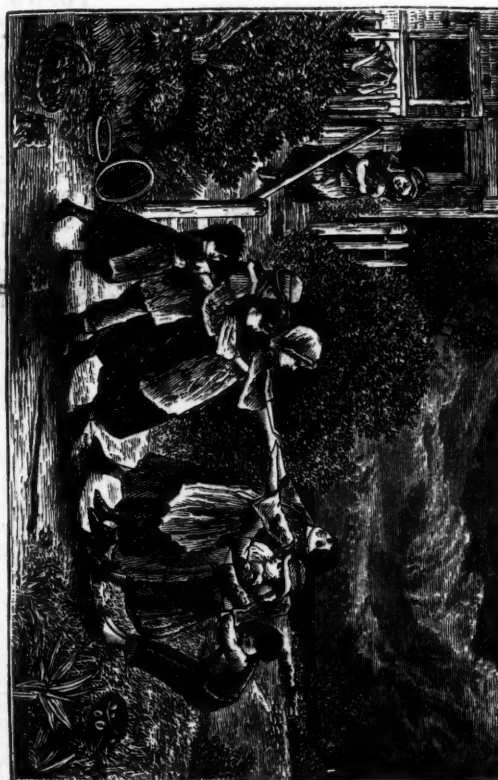
A case that puzzled a London magistrate was that of a woman who had assailed her husband with an axe. If he sent her to prison, the husband would have to hire somebody to care for her children while she was incarcerated. If he fined her, the husband would have to pay the sum. If he put her under bonds to keep the peace, the husband would be responsible. She was discharged with an admonition.

A cane, said to be nine hundred years old, has been brought to the office of The Binghamton Republican. It is made of reed, has an ivory top, and also a brass ferrule. It is claimed for this interesting staff that it was first owned by Prince Howell the Good, of Wales, in the ninth century; and its owner, Mr. Howell, claims that he is descended from the prince, and is the legitimate inheritor of the cane. This relic of "high-born Howell" is to be exhibited at the Centennial Festival.

Five years ago a proposition to issue bonds for a railroad was voted down in Henry County, Missouri. Friends of the project then asked the County Court to issue the bonds. One of the three Judges opposed such action, one favored it, and Judge Jennings was non-committal. Subsequently the bonds were issued. The St. Louis Republican says that Judge Jennings, while sick and expecting to die, confessed to a clergyman that he had been bribed; but he did not die, and now his confession confronts him.

Some of the European nations are still troubled with the fashionable pest of duelling, and are still engaged in devising expedients to eradicate it from their territories. Hitherto all such attempts have been aimed at that one of the duellists who had the best of it in the field. But a government has at last hit upon the very original and novel plan of inflicting a vindictive punishment upon the body of the slain. This is the Bavarian Government, which has carried out a signally severe sentence upon a certain Count killed in a duel, close to Munich, by an officer of the royal army. The old laws of the country recognize in duels only a sort of suicide, and condemn the persons killed in them to all the penalties attaching to suicidal acts. One of these consists in denial to the defunct of the rights of burial. Accordingly, the body of the deceased Count was carried off from the hands of those relations and friends who were about to perform the funeral rites, and handed over to the dissecting room of the Munich hospital. Great efforts are, it seems, being made to secure the remains from this ignominious fate, and from an inglorious interment in the common burial ground. But if these attempts fail, it is expected that a death blow will be given to duelling in Bavaria.

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